

MINISTERS HANDBOOK

POEMS

X
9853
H36
1925
v.2
GTU
Storage



BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

THE GIFT OF

AMERICAN UNITARIAN
ASSOCIATION

OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

A HANDBOOK FOR MINISTERS

II

POEMS FOR FUNERAL SERVICES



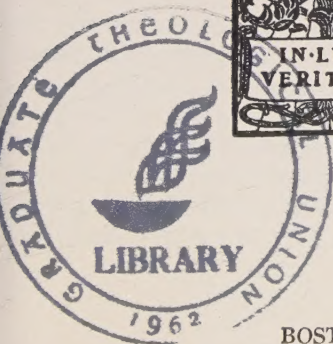
Property of

CBSK

Please return to

Graduate Theological

Union Library



BOSTON

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION

25 BEACON STREET

[1913]

BX
9853
H36
1925
v. 2

G
B9
—



3568

Aug 11, 1912


PREFACE

This book is a companion volume to the Ministers' Handbook which contains in convenient form suggested orders for the services which a minister is most frequently called upon to perform. In this supplementary book are gathered one hundred additional hymns and poems which have occasionally been found helpful for reading at funeral services.

Some of the selections have been included, not because of their intrinsic merit, but because they have been found available in practical experience. A few hymns are added because they have been especially asked for. Other appropriate hymns can readily be found in the usual collections.

Grateful acknowledgments are made to the authors and publishers who have permitted the use of copyrighted material, especially to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Roberts Brothers, and Little, Brown & Co.

8945



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

SELECTED POEMS

PART I

LIFE AND DEATH

THE THOUGHT OF GOD

One thought I have, my ample creed,
So deep it is and broad,
And equal to my every need,—
It is the thought of God.

I ask not far before to see,
But take in trust my road;
Life, death, and immortality
Are in my thought of God.

To this their secret strength they owed
The martyr's path who trod;
The fountains of their patience flowed
From out their thought of God.

Be still the light upon my way,
My pilgrim staff and rod,
My rest by night, my strength by day,
O blessed thought of God!

Frederick L. Hosmer.

AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA

He who died among us sends
This to comfort all his friends:

Faithful friends! it lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say that I am dead!
Weeping at the feet and head.

LIFE AND DEATH

I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this,—
“I am not the thing you kiss.
Cease your tears and let it lie:
It *was* mine, it is not I.”

“’Tis a hut which I am quitting,
’Tis a garment no more fitting,
’Tis a cage from which, at last,
Like a bird my soul hath passed.

“What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
’Tis an empty sea-shell,—one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell is broken, it lies there:
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
’Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
God hath sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him; let it lie!
Let the shard be earth’s once more,
Since the gold shines in his store!

“Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.
I am gone before your face
A moment’s time, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain:
Sunshine still must follow rain;

Only not at death,—for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life centre.

“Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from God’s great throne above;
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
God is love, our Father! yea!
Thou Love divine! Thou Love always!”

He that died among us gave
This to those who made his grave.

Edwin Arnold. (alt.)

THE VERDICT OF DEATH

How does Death speak of our beloved
When it has laid them low;
When it has set its hallowing touch
On speechless lip and brow?

It clothes their every gift and grace
With radiance from the holiest place,
With light as from an angel’s face;

Recalling with resistless force,
And tracing to their hidden source
Deeds scarcely noticed in their course.

This little loving fond device,
That daily act of sacrifice,
Of which, too late, we learn the price!

Opening our weeping eyes to trace
Simple, unnoticed kindnesses,
Forgotten notes of tenderness.

How that small fretting fretfulness
Was but love's over-anxiousness
Which had not been, had love been less.

It shows our faults like fires at night;
It sweeps their failings out of sight;
It clothes their good in heavenly light.

Thus does Death speak of our beloved
When it has laid them low.

Elizabeth Charles.

COMMISSIONED

What can I do for thee, Beloved,
Whose feet so little while ago
Trod the same wayside dust with mine,
And now up paths I may not know
Speed, without sound or sign?

What can I do? The perfect life,
All fresh and fair and beautiful,
Has opened its wide arms to thee;
Thy heaven is over-brimmed and full,
Nothing remains for me.

So I can do for thee but this:
(Working on blindly, knowing not
If I may please thee better so);
Out of my own dull, burdened lot
I can arise and go

To sadder hearts and darker homes,
A messenger, dear Heart, from thee,
Who wast on earth a comforter;
And say to those who welcome me,
I am sent forth by her.

It will be sweet to work for thee,
To do thy errand thus; and think
It may be in the dim, far space,
Thou watchest from some heavenly brink,
A smile upon thy face.

And then I'll pray: "Dear Lord to whose great
love
Nor bound, nor limit line is set,
Give to my dear one, I implore,
Some new, strange joy, not tasted yet,
For I can give no more."

And with the words my thoughts shall climb
With following feet the heavenly stair
Up which thy feet so lately sped;
And, seeing thee so happy there,
Come back, half comforted.

Susan Coolidge.

A GERMAN FUNERAL HYMN

*"Here we have no continuing city; but we seek one
to come."*—HEB. xiii, 14.

Come forth! Come on! with solemn song!
The road is short, the rest is long.
The Lord brought here, he calls away,
Make no delay,
This home was for a passing day.

Here in an inn a stranger dwelt,
Here joy and grief by turns he felt;
Poor dwelling, now we close thy door,
 The talk is o'er,
The sojourner returns no more.

Now of a lasting home possessed,
He goes to seek a deeper rest.
Good-night! the day was sultry here,
 In toil and fear;
Good-night! the night is cool and clear.

Now open to us, gates of peace!
Here let the pilgrim's journey cease.
Ye quiet slumberers, make room
 In your still home,
For the new stranger who has come.

How many graves around us lie!
How many homes are in the sky!
Yes, for each saint doth Christ prepare
 A place with care;
Thy home is waiting, brother, there.

F. Sachse.

TWILIGHT

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies;
 And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
 Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old gray city
 An influence luminous and serene,
 A shining peace.

The smoke ascends

In a rosy and golden haze. The spires
Shine and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphant night.
Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!

My task accomplished and the long day
done,

My wages taken, and in my heart

Some late lark singing,

Let me be gathered to the quiet west,

The sundown splendid and serene,

Death.

W. E. Henley.

THE OTHER SIDE

Climbing the mountain's shaggy crest,

I wondered much what sight would greet

My eager gaze whene'er my feet

Upon the topmost heights should rest.

The other side was all unknown;

But, as I slowly toiled along,

Sweeter to me than any song

My dream of visions to be shown.

At length the topmost height was gained;
The other side was full in view;
My dreams—not one of them was true,
But better far had I attained.

For far and wide on either hand
There stretched a valley broad and fair,
With greenness flashing everywhere,—
A pleasant, smiling, home-like land.

Who knows, I thought, but so 'twill prove
Upon that mountain-top of death,
Where we shall draw diviner breath,
And see the long-lost friends we love.

It may not be as we have dreamed,
Not half so awful, strange, and grand;
A quiet, peaceful, home-like land,
Better than e'er in vision gleamed.

J. W. Chadwick.

THE GOD OF THE LIVING

God of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled thy whole creation lies!
All souls are thine; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto thee.

Released from earthly toil and strife,
With thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their words, their
powers,
All thine, and yet most truly ours;

For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto thee.

Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapt in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond thy voice, thine arm, thy care;
Not left to lie like fallen tree;
Not dead, but living unto thee.
O Breather into man of breath!
O Holder of the keys of death!
O Giver of the life within!
Save us from death, the death of sin,
That body, soul, and spirit be
For ever living unto thee!

John Ellerton.

DEATH

We are too stupid about Death. We will not learn
How it is wages paid to those who earn,
How it is gift for which on earth we yearn,
To be set free from bondage to the flesh;
How it is turning seed-corn into grain,
How it is winning heaven's eternal gain,
How it means freedom evermore from pain,
How it untangles every mortal mesh.

We are so selfish about Death. We count our grief
Far more than we consider their relief
Whom the great Reaper gathers in the sheaf,
No more to know the seasons' constant change;
And we forget that it means only life,
Life with all joy, peace, rest and glory rife,
The victory won, and ended all the strife,
And heaven no longer far away or strange.

Their Lent is over, and their Easter won,
Waiting till over paradise the sun
Shall rise in majesty, and life begun
Shall grow in glory as the perfect day
Moves on, to hold its endless, deathless sway.

William C. Doane.

MY SOUL AND I

As treading some long corridor,
My soul and I together go;
Each day unlocks another door
To a new room we did not know.

And every night the darkness hides
My soul from me awhile—but then
No fear nor loneliness abides;
Hand clasped in hand, we wake again.

So when my soul and I, at last,
Shall find but one dim portal more,
Shall we, remembering all the past,
Yet fear to try that other door?

Charles B. Going.

NOT THOU BUT I

It must have been for one of us, my own,
To drink this cup and eat this bitter bread.
Had not my tears upon thy face been shed,
Thy tears had dropped on mine; if I alone
Did not walk now, thy spirit would have known
My loneliness, and did my feet not tread
This weary path and steep, thy feet had bled
For mine, and thy mouth had for mine made moan;
And so it comforts me, yea, not in vain,
To think of thy eternity of sleep,

To know thine eyes are tearless though mine weep:
And when this cup's last bitterness I drain,
One thought shall still its primal sweetness keep—
Thou hadst the peace and I the undying pain.

Philip B. Marston.

WHEN GRIEF SHALL COME

When Grief shall come to thee,
Think not to flee,
For Grief, with steady pace,
Will win the race;
Nor crowd her forth with Mirth,
For at thy hearth,
When Mirth is tired and gone,
Will Grief sit on;
But make of her thy friend,
And in the end
Her counsels will grow sweet,
And, with swift feet,
Thrice lovelier than she
Will come to thee—
Calm Patience, Courage strong,
And Hope—ere long.

Henrietta R. Eliot.

THE ETERNAL SHADOW

From the eternal shadow rounding,
Ali unseen and starlight there,
Voices of our lost ones sounding,
Bid us be of heart and cheer,
Through the silence, down the spaces, falling on the
inward ear.

Know we not our dead are looking
Downward as in sad surprise,
All our strife of words rebuking
With their mild and earnest eyes?
Shall we grieve the holy angels; shall we cloud their
blessed skies?

Let us draw their mantles o'er us
Which have fallen in our way,
Let us do the work before us
Calmly, bravely, while we may,
Ere the long night-silence cometh, and with us it is
not day!

J. G. Whittier.

THE WORLD OF LIGHT

They are all gone into the world of light,
And we alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear;

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days,—
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility,—
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have showed them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear beauteous death, the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark!
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may
know

At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair grove or dell he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes,
And into glory peep.

O Father of eternal life and all
Created glories under thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Henry Vaughan.

ULTIMA VERITAS

When the anchors that Faith has cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail.
I know that Right is Right,
That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy,
I know that passion needs
The leash of a sober mind;
I know that generous deeds
Some sure reward will find;
That the rulers must obey;
That the givers must increase;

That Duty lights the way
For the beautiful feet of Peace.
In the darkest hour of the year,
When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
That Faith is better than Doubt.
And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide—
I know that Truth and Right
Have the Universe on their side;
And that somewhere beyond the stars
Is a love that is better than fate;
When the night unlocks her bars
I shall see Him—and I will wait!

Washington Gladden.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM"—XCII

How pure in heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest.

Alfred Tennyson.

THE CELESTIAL PASSION

O Thou the Lord, Maker of life and light!
Full heavy are the burdens that do weigh
Our spirits earthward, as through twilight grey
We journey to the end and rest of night;
Tho' well we know to the deep inward sight
Darkness is but thy shadow, and the day
Where thou art never dies, but sends its ray
Through the wide universe with restless might.
O Lord of Light, steep thou our souls in thee!
That when the daylight trembles into shade,
And falls the silence of mortality,
And all is done, we shall not be afraid,
But pass from light to light; from earth's dull
gleam
Into the very heart and heaven of our dream.

R. W. Gilder.

PEACE, PEACE!

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep!
He hath awakened from the dream of life;
'Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night.
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again.
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure; and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray, in vain.

P. B. Shelley.

FATHER OF LIFE

Father of Life, I thank thee, too,
For old acquaintance, near and true;
For friends, who came into my day
And took the loneliness away;
For faith that held on to the last;
For all sweet memories of the past—
Dear memories of my dead that send
Long thoughts of life, and of life's end—
That make me know the light conceals
A deeper world than it reveals.

Edwin A. Markham.

THE GRACE OF GOD

Thou Grace Divine, encircling all,
A shoreless, soundless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall,
O love of God most free!—

When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,—
O love of God most wise!

And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,—
O love of God most strong!

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,—
O love of God most kind!

And, filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,—
O love of God, to thee!

Eliza Scudder.

PART II
RESIGNATION—TRUST

A HYMN OF TRUST

O Love Divine that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while thou art near!

Though long the weary way we tread
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, thou art near!

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, thou art near!

On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near!

O. W. Holmes.

THE OTHER WORLD

It lies around us like a cloud,
The world we do not see;
Yet the soft closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between,
With breathings almost heard.

The silence, awful, sweet and calm,
They have no power to break;
Our mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

True souls around us! watch us still,
Press nearer to our side;
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helping glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
A dried and vanished stream;
Your joy be the reality,
Our troubled life the dream.

Harriet B. Stowe.

“NOT AS I WILL”

Blindfolded and alone I stand
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted, or are laid,
By some great law, unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil,
“Not as I will.”

Blindfolded and alone I wait,
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long:
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless law is ordered still,
 "Not as I will."

"Not as I will": the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat;
"Not as I will": the darkness feels
More safe than light, when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness;
"Not as I will": because the one
Who loved us first and best, has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us will all his love fulfil,
 "Not as we will."

Helen Hunt Jackson.

LOOKING UNTO GOD

I look to thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel thy strong and tender love,
And all is well again;
The thought of thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will;
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in thy dear love,
Held in thy law I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

Samuel Longfellow.

PRAYER FOR STRENGTH

Father, before thy footstool kneeling,
Once more my heart goes up to thee,
For aid, for strength to thee appealing,
Thou who alone canst succor me.

Help me to stem the tide of sorrow;
Help me to bear thy chastening rod;
Give me endurance; let me borrow
Strength from thy promise, O my God!

Not mine the grief which words may lighten;
Not mine the tears of common woe:
The pang with which my heart-strings tighten,
Only the All-seeing One may know.

And oh! in my exceeding weakness,
Make thy strength perfect; thou art strong:
Aid me to do thy will with meekness,—
Thou, to whom all my powers belong.

Oh! let me feel that thou art near me;
Close to thy side, I shall not fear:
Hear me, O Strength of Israel, hear me!
Sustain and aid! in mercy hear!

Anonymous.

SOMETIME

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars for evermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment here have
spurned,

The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, he heeded not our cry,
Because his wisdom to the end could see.
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And you will shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friends,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key!

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!

God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,

Time will reveal the chalices of gold.

And if, through patient toil, we reach the land

Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,

I think that we will say, "God knew the best!"

May Riley Smith.

THERE IS NO DEATH —

There is no death! The stars go down

To rise upon some fairer shore;

And bright in heaven's jewelled crown

They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread

Shall change beneath the summer showers

To golden grain, or mellow fruit,

Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize

To feed the hungry moss they bear;

The forest leaves drink daily life

From out the viewless air.

There is no death! An angel form

Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;

He bears our best loved things away,

And then we call them "dead."

Born unto that undying life,

They leave us but to come again;

With joy we welcome them—the same,

Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

E. Bulwer Lytton.

HOPE'S SONG

I hear it singing, singing sweetly,
Softly in an undertone,
Singing as if God had taught it,
"It is better farther on!"

Night and day it brings the message,
Sings it while I sit alone;
Sings so that the heart may hear it,
"It is better farther on!"

Sits upon the grave and sings it,
Sings it when the heart would groan,
Sings it when the shadows darken,
"It is better farther on!"

Farther on? Oh, how much farther?
Count the mile-stones one by one.
No! no counting—only trusting
"It is better farther on!"

Anonymous.

TO L. M. CHILD

What cheer hath he? How is it with him?
Where lingers he this weary while?
Over what pleasant fields of heaven
Dawns the sweet sunrise of his smile?

I feel the unutterable longing,
The hunger of the heart is mine;
I reach and grope for hands in darkness,
My ear grows sharp for voice or sign.

Still on the lips of all we question
The finger of God's silence lies;
Will the lost hands in ours be folded?
Will the shut eyelids ever rise?

O friend! no proof beyond this yearning,
This outreach of our hearts, we need;
God will not mock the hope he giveth,
No love he prompts shall vainly plead.

Then let us stretch our hands in darkness,
And call our loved ones o'er and o'er;
Some day their arms shall close about us,
And the old voices speak once more.

J. G. Whittier.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM"—LIHI

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

Alfred Tennyson.

AT LAST

When on my day of life the night is falling
And, in the wind from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay.
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting—
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and
shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

Suffice it if my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through thy abounding grace,
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place—

Some humble door among thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving
 cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of thy peace.

There from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song;
And find at last beneath thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

J. G. Whittier.

THE BEYOND

It seemeth such a little way to me
Across to that strange country, the Beyond,
And yet not strange, for it has grown to be
The home of those of whom I am so fond;
They make it seem familiar and most dear,
As journeying friends bring distant countries near.

So close it lies that when my sight is clear
I think I see the gleaming strand;
I know, I feel that those who've gone from here
Come near enough to touch my hand;
I often think, but for our veiled eyes,
We should find heaven right around us lies.

I cannot make it seem a day to dread
When from this dear earth I shall journey out
To that still dearer country of the dead,
And join the lost ones so long dreamed about.
I love this world, yet shall I love to go
And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

And so for me there is no sting to death,
And so the grave has lost its victory;
It is but crossing with a bated breath
And white, set face, a little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

GOOD-BYE, TILL MORNING

“Good-bye, till morning come again!”
We part, but not with aught of pain,
The night is short, and hope is sweet,
It fills our hearts and wings our feet;
And so we sing the glad refrain,
“Good-bye, till morning come again!”

“Good-bye, till morning come again!”
The shade of death brings thought of pain,
But could we know how short the night
That falls and hides them from our sight,
Our hearts would sing the glad refrain,
“Good-bye, till morning come again!”

M. G. T.

SPINNING

Like a blind spinner in the sun,
I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways;
I know each day will bring its task,
And, being blind, no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name
 Of that I spin;
 I only know that some one came
 And laid within
 My hand the thread, and said, "Since you
 Are blind but one thing you can do."

I know not why, but I am sure
 That tint and place,
 In some great fabric to endure
 Past time and race
 My threads will have; so, trusting still
 And glad, and blind, I wait his will;

But listen, listen, day by day,
 To hear their tread,
 Who bear the finished web away,
 And cut the thread,
 And bring God's message in the sun,
 "Thou poor blind spinner, work is done."

H. H. (alt.)

WHEN THE TIDE IS LOW

Sometime at eve when the tide is low
 I shall slip my moorings and sail away,
 With no response to the friendly hail
 Of kindred craft in the busy bay,
 In the silent hush of the twilight pale,
 When the night stoops down to embrace the day
 And the voices call in the waters flow;
 Sometime at eve when the tide is low,
 I shall slip my moorings and sail away.

Through purple shadows that darkly trail
O'er the ebbing tide of the Unknown Sea,
I shall fare me away with a dip of the sail
And ripple of water to tell the tale
Of a lonely voyager sailing away
To mystic isles where at anchor lay
The craft of those who have sailed before
O'er the Unknown Sea to the Unseen Shore.

A few who have watched me sail away
Will miss my craft from the busy bay;
Some friendly barks that were anchored near,
Some loving souls that my heart held dear,
In silent sorrow will drop a tear.
But I shall have peacefully furled my sail
In moorings sheltered from storm and gale
And greeted the friends who have gone before
O'er the Unknown Sea to the Unseen Shore.

Anonymous.

FROM "MY TRIUMPH"

O living friends who love me!
O dear ones gone above me!
Careless of other fame,
I leave to you my name.

My present gratitude
Insures the future good,
And for the things I see
I trust the things to be;

That in the paths untrod,
And the long days of God,
My feet shall still be led,
My heart be comforted.

Let the thick curtain fall;
I better know than all
How little I have gained,
How vast the unattained.

Sweeter than any sung
My songs that found no tongue;
Nobler than any fact
My wish that failed of act.

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,—
Finish what I begin
And all I fail of win.

Parcel and part of all,
I keep the festival,
Fore-reach the good to be,
And share the victory.

J. G. Whittier.

FATHER, TO THEE

Father, to thee we look in all our sorrow,
Thou art the fountain whence our healing flows;
Dark though the night, joy cometh with the morrow;
Safely they rest who on thy love repose.

When fond hopes fail, and skies are dark before us,
When the vain cares that vex our life increase,—
Comes with its calm the thought that thou art o'er
us,
And we grow quiet, folded in thy peace.

Naught shall affright us on thy goodness leaning,
Low in the heart faith singeth still her song;
Chastened by pain we learn life's deeper meaning,
And in our weakness thou dost make us strong.

Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows!
Be not cast down, disquieted in vain;
Yet shalt thou praise him when these darkened
furrows,
Where now he ploweth, wave with golden grain.

F. L. Hosmer.

DEATH OF A SISTER

With silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb!

Yet would I say what thy own heart approveth;
Our Father's will,
Calling to him the dear one whom he loveth,
Is mercy still.

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What he hath given;
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
As in his heaven.

Up, then, my brother! Lo, the fields of harvest
Lie white in view!
She lives and loves thee, and the God thou servest
To both is true.

J. G. Whittier.

QUIET FROM GOD

Quiet from God! how beautiful to keep
This treasure, the All-merciful hath given;
To feel, when we awake and when we sleep,
Its incense round us like a breath from heaven!

Who shall make trouble? Not the evil minds
Which like a shadow o'er creation lower;
The soul which peace hath thus attuned finds
How strong within doth reign the Calmer's power.

What shall make trouble? Not the holy thought
Of the departed; that will be a part
Of those undying things his peace hath wrought
Into a world of beauty in the heart.

What shall make trouble? Not slow wasting pain,
Not the impending, certain stroke of death;
These do but wear away, then snap the chain
Which bound the spirit down to things beneath.

Sarah J. Williams.

A PSALM OF TRUST

I little see, I little know,
Yet can I fear no ill:
He who hath guided me till now
Will be my leader still.

No burden yet was on me laid
Of trouble or of care,
But he my trembling step hath stayed,
And given me strength to bear.

I knew not of this wondrous earth,
Nor dreamed what blessings lay
Beyond the gates of human birth
To glad my future way.

And what beyond this life may be
As little I divine,—
What love may wait to welcome me,
What fellowships be mine.

Upon his providence I lean,
As lean in faith I must:
The lesson of my life hath been
A heart of grateful trust.

And so my upward way I fare
With happy heart and calm,
And mingle with my daily care
The music of my psalm.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest Angel gently comes:
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet in tenderest love, our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance;
There's rest in his still countenance!
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling balm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!

O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day!
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned:
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

John G. Whittier.

RESTING IN GOD

Since thy Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be;
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is he.
Know his love in full completeness
Fills the measure of thy weakness;
If he wound thy spirit sore,
Trust him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining,
In his hand
Leave whatever things thou canst not
Understand.
Though the world thy folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill,
Lying still.

Fearest sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
When the clouds around thee gather
Doubt him not.
Always hath the daylight broken,—
Always hath he comfort spoken,—
Better hath he been for years
Than thy fears.

Therefore, whatsoe'er betideth,
Night or day,—
Know his love for thee provideth
Good alway.
Crown of sorrow gladly take,
Grateful wear it for his sake;
Sweetly bending to his will,
Lying still.

To his own thy Father giveth
Daily strength;
To each troubled soul that liveth,
Peace at length.
Weakest lambs have largest share
Of this tender Shepherd's care;
Ask him not, then, "when?" or "how?"
Only bow.

Charles R. Hagenbach.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM"

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we that have not seen thy face
By faith, and faith alone embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove!

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him; thou art just.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, oh Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee
A beam in darkness; let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music, as before.

Alfred Tennyson.

GREEN PASTURES AND STILL WATERS

Clear in memory's silent reaches
Lie the pastures I have seen,
Greener than the sun-lit spaces
Where the May has flung her green:
Needs no sun and needs no starlight
To illumine these fields of mine,
For the glory of dead faces
Is the sun, the stars, that shine.

More than one I count my pastures
As my life path groweth long;
By their quiet waters straying
Oft I lay me, and am strong.

And I call each by its giver,
And the dear names bring to them
Glory as from shining faces
In some New Jerusalem.

Yet, O well I can remember,
Once I called my pastures, Pain,
And their waters were a torrent
Sweeping through my life amain!
Now I call them Peace and Stillness,
Brightness of all Happy Thought,
Where I linger for a blessing
From my faces that are nought.

Nought? I fear not. If the Power
Maketh thus his pastures green,
Maketh thus his quiet waters,
Out of waste his heavens serene,
I can trust the mighty Shepherd
Loseth none he ever led;
Somewhere yet a greeting waits me
On the faces of my dead!

W. C. Gannett.

FROM "SNOW BOUND"

The dear home faces whereupon
The fitful firelight paled and shone,
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees

And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
 Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
 No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our need is just,)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
 The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever Lord of Death,
 And Love can never lose its own!

J. G. Whittier.

THE NEW HEAVEN

I seek not of thy Eden-land
The forms and hues to know,—
What trees in mystic order stand,
What strange, sweet waters flow;

What duties fill the heavenly day,
Or converse glad and kind,
Or how along each shining way
The glad processions wind.

But sweeter far to trust in thee
While all is yet unknown,
And through the death-dark cheerily
To walk with thee alone,

In thee, my powers, my treasures live,
To thee, my life must tend;
Giving thyself, thou all ~~do~~st give,
O soul-sufficing Friend!

And wherefore should I seek above
That City in the Sky?
Since firm in faith, and deep in love,
Its broad foundations lie?

Where faith the soul hath purified,
And penitence hath shriven,
And truth is crowned and glorified,
There—only there—is Heaven.

Eliza Scudder.

“COME UNTO ME”

Come unto me, when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distrest,
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father:
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

Ye who have mourned when the spring-flowers were
taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground;
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are
crowned,—

Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely
pressed:

Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,—
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

C. H. Waterman.

STILL WITH THEE

Still, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.

Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee:
Oh in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with thee.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

PART III
SUFFERING—REST

THE SLEEP

"He giveth his beloved sleep." Ps. cxvii: 2

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
"He giveth his beloved, sleep"?

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
"He giveth his beloved, sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap.
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth his beloved, sleep."

And friends, dear friends,—when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall—"
"He giveth his beloved, sleep."

E. B. Browning.

SOME DAY

Some day, we say, and turn our eyes
Toward the fair hills of paradise;

Some day, some time, a sweet, new rest
Shall blossom, flower-like, in each breast;

Some time, some day, our eyes shall see
The faces kept in memory;

Some day, their hands shall clasp our hands
Just over in the morning lands,

Some day, our ears shall hear the song
Of triumph over sin and wrong;

Some day, some time, but oh! not yet,
But we will wait and not forget—

That some day, all these things shall be,
And rest be given to you and me.

Then wait my heart, tho' years move slow,
The happy time will come, we know.

Anonymous.

IN HARBOR

I think it is over, over—

I think it is over at last:

Voices of foeman and lover,

The sweet and the bitter have passed:

Life, like a tempest of ocean,

Hath outblown its ultimate blast.

There's but a faint sobbing seaward,
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,
Those lights in the Harbor at last—
The heavenly Harbor at last!

I feel it is over, over—

The winds and the waters surcease:
How few were the days of the Rover

That smiled in the beauty of peace!
And distant and dim was the omen

That hinted redress or release.

From the ravage of Life and its riot,
What marvel I yearn for the quiet
Which bides in the Harbor at last?—
For the lights with their welcoming quiver
That throb through the sanctified river,
Which girdles the Harbor at last—
The heavenly Harbor at last?

I know it is over, over—

I know it is over at last:

Down sail; the sheathed anchor uncover,

For the stress of the voyage has passed:
Life, like a tempest of ocean,

Hath outblown its ultimate blast.

There's but a faint sobbing seaward,
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,
Those lights in the Harbor at last!
The heavenly Harbor at last!

Paul H. Hayne.

SLEEPING AND WAKING

Sleep, tired one, sleep!

Earth's wakefulness hath pain and sore unrest,
And joys and sorrows battling in the breast,
And good that is but longing for the best.

Sleep, tired one, sleep!

Sleep, lovely one, sleep!

Earth's beauty is a summer sunset's glow,
Fading to darkness as the night shades grow;
Thy beauty was of climes we do not know.

Sleep, lovely one, sleep!

Sleep, loving one, sleep!

Warm hearts and tender cluster, true and kind;
Thy sorrowing ones they shall not fail to find;
Love well shall guard the love thou leav'st behind.

Sleep, loving one, sleep!

Sleep, beloved one, sleep!

Thy dear sweet memory in our hearts abides;
More dear and sweet as time more swiftly glides,
Most dear, most sweet, for that to which it guides.

Sleep, beloved one, sleep!

Wake, deathless one, wake!

The Life thou lovedst loves thee still for aye;
It had no kinship with thy perishing clay,
But crowns thy forehead with eternal Day:
Thou waitest for thine own—lighting the way.

Wake, deathless one, wake!

F. E. Abbot.

A PRISONER

If one had watched a prisoner many a year,
Standing beside a barrèd window-pane,
Fettered with heavy hand-cuffs and with chain,
And gazing on the blue sky far and clear;
And suddenly some morning we should hear
The man had in the night contrived to gain
His freedom and was safe, would that bring pain?
Ah! would it not to dullest heart appear
Good tidings? Yesterday I looked on one
Who lay as if asleep in perfect peace.
His long imprisonment for life was done;
Eternity's great freedom his release
Had brought, yet they who loved him called him dead,
And wept, refusing to be comforted.

H. H.

PEACE

“Peace!

He hath given sweet release;
Neither toil nor care nor pain
Ever shall be hers again.
Where a song of rapture thrills
O'er the everlasting hills,
He hath bade all sorrow cease
In the blessing of his peace.”

“Rest!

Precious promise, oh, how blest!
Did she hear his cheering word?
‘Cast thy burden on the Lord.’
All who suffer, all who bear
Burdens sore of sin or care,
All ye weary and oppressed,
‘Come and I will give you rest.’”

SUFFERING—REST

“Sleep!

As a weary child might creep
In some dim, cool nook, away
From his comrades’ noisy play,
So she, weary of earth’s din,
Touched the gate and entered in
Where, by waters cool and deep,
‘He giveth his beloved sleep.’”

Julia M. Dunn.

REQUIEM

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
“Here he lies where he longed to be;
“Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
“And the hunter home from the hill.”

R. L. Stevenson.

A MORNING THOUGHT

What if some morning, when the stars were paling,
And the dawn whitened and the east was clear,
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence
Of a benignant spirit standing near;

And I should tell him, as he stood beside me:—
“This is our earth—most friendly earth, and fair;
Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air;

“There is blest living here, loving and serving,
And quest of truth and serene friendships dear:
But stay not, Spirit! Earth has one destroyer—
His name is Death: flee, lest he find thee here!”

And what if then, while the still morning brightened,
And freshened in the elm the summer's breath,
Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel,
And take my hand and say, “My name is Death”?
E. R. Sill.

VALEDICTORY

Lay me low, my work is done,
I am weary. Lay me low,
Where the wild flowers woo the sun,
Where the balmy breezes blow,
Where the butterfly takes wing,
Where the aspens, drooping, grow,
Where the young birds chirp and sing—
I am weary, let me go.

I have striven hard and long
In the world's unequal fight,
Always to resist the wrong,
Always to maintain the right.
Always with a stubborn heart,
Taking, giving, blow for blow;
Brother, I have played my part,
And am weary, let me go.

Other chance when I am gone
May restore the battle-call,
Bravely lead the good cause on
Fighting in the which I fall.

When our work is done, 'tis best,
Brother, best that we should go—
I am weary, let me rest,
I am weary, lay me low.

A. L. Gordon.

DYING

Passing out of the shadow
Into a purer light;
Stepping behind the curtain,
Getting a clearer sight;

Laying aside a burden,
This weary mortal coil;
Done with the world's vexations,
Done with its tears and toil;

Tired of all earth's playthings,
Heartsick, and ready to sleep,
Ready to bid our friends farewell,
Wondering why they weep;

Passing out of the shadow
Into eternal day,—
Why do we call it dying?
This sweet going away.

Anonymous.

OUT OF THE SHADOW

Gentle friends who gather here,
With no gloom surround this bier,
Drop no unavailing tear.

Bid this weary frame oppressed
Welcome to its longed-for rest
On the fair earth's sheltering breast.

When this sentient life began,
Love of nature, love of man,
Through its kindling pulses ran;

Eagerly these eyes looked forth,
Questioning the teeming earth
For its stores of truth and worth;

Head and heart with schemes were rife,
Longing for some noble strife,
Planning for some perfect life.

But the Father's love decreed
Other work and other meed,
And by ways unsought did lead.

Known, O Father, unto thee
All the long captivity
Of the soul at last set free;

And how hard it was to see
Thy great harvests silently
Whitening upon land and lea;

And to watch the reapers' throng,
Filling all the vales with song,
As they bore their sheaves along.

And to thee, O pitying God,
Known thy grace that overflowed
All that still and sacred road,

Where thy patience brought relief,
Following in thy path of grief,
Thou of suffering souls the chief!

Yet since thou hast stooped to say,
“Cast thy out-worn robe away,
Come and rest with me to-day,—

“Come to larger life and power,
Come to truth’s unfailing dower,
Come to strength renewed each hour;”—

To the dear ones gathered here
Make thy loving purpose clear,
And thy light shine round this bier.

Eliza Scudder.

THE WHOLE FAMILY

So heaven is gathering, one by one,
In its capacious breast,
All that is pure and permanent,
And beautiful and blest.

The family is scattered yet,
Though of one home and heart:
Part militant in earthly gloom,
In heavenly glory part.

But who can speak the rapture, when
The number is complete;
And all the children sundered now,
Around one Father meet?

One fold, one Shepherd, one employ;
One everlasting home,
Our Father's house, from whose dear rest
No wanderer e'er shall roam.

Elim.

A SONG OF REST

O weary hands! that all the day,
Were set to labor hard and long,
Now softly fall the shadows grey,
The bells are rung for even-song.
And now for you the golden sun
Sinks slowly down into the west;
Poor, weary hands, your toil is done;
'Tis time for rest! 'Tis time for rest!

O weary feet! that many a mile
Have trudged along a stony way,
At last ye reach the trysting-stile;
No longer fear to go astray.
The gently bending, rustling trees
Rock the young birds within the nest
And softly sings the quiet breeze,
“'Tis time for rest! 'Tis time for rest.”

O weary eyes! from which the tears
Have fallen betimes like summer rain;
O weary heart! that through the years
Beat with such bitter, restless pain,
At last forget the stormy strife,
And know what heaven shall send is best;
Lay down the tangled web of life;
'Tis time for rest! 'tis time for rest!

Chambers' Magazine.

TIRED

I am tired. Heart and feet
Turn from busy mart and street;
I am tired. Rest is sweet.

I am tired. I have played
In the sunshine and the shade;
I have seen the flowers fade.

I am tired. I have had
What has made my spirit sad,
What has made my spirit glad.

I would rest. Eventide
Bids me lay my cares aside,
Bids me in my hopes abide.

I would rest. God is near,
Let me sleep without a fear,
Let me die without a tear.

I am tired. I would rest
As a bird within its nest;
It is over; Home is best.

Anonymous.

PART IV
THE PERSONAL LIFE

CALMLY, CALMLY

Calmly, calmly lay him down!
He hath fought a noble fight;
He hath battled for the right;
He hath won the fadeless crown.

Memories, all too bright for tears,
Crowd around us from the past;
He was faithful to the last,
Faithful through long, toilsome years.

All that makes for human good,
Freedom, righteousness and truth,
These the objects of his youth,
Unto age he still pursued.

Kind and gentle was his soul;
Yet it had a glorious might!
Clouded minds it filled with light,
Wounded spirits it made whole.

Huts where poor men sat distressed,
Homes where death and darkness passed,
Beds where suffering breathed its last
These he sought and soothed and blessed.

Hoping, trusting, lay him down!
Many in the realms above,
Wait for him with eyes of love,
Wreathing his immortal crown.

William Gaskell.

HE IS JUST AWAY

I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead—he is just away.

With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand
He has wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, for he lingers there.

And you—Oh, you—who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return—

Think of him as faring on, as dear
In the love of there as the love of here.

Mild and gentle as he was brave
When the sweetest love of his life he gave

To simpler things, where the violets grew,
Pure as the eyes they were likened to.

The touches of his hands have stayed
As reverently as the lips have prayed;

When the little brown thrush that harshly chirped
Was dear to him as the mocking-bird;

And he pitied as much as a man in pain
A writhing honey-bee wet with rain.

Think of him still the same, I say;
He is not dead—he is just away!

James Whitcomb Riley.

ILICET

"It Is Over"

(A. G.)

I think the gentle soul of him
Goes softly in some garden place,
With the old smile time may not dim
Upon his face.

He who was lover of the spring,
With love that never quite forgets,
Surely sees roses blossoming
And violets.

Now that his day of toil is through,
I love to think he sits at ease,
With some old volume that he knew
Upon his knees.

Watching, perhaps, with quiet eyes
The white clouds' drifting argosy;
Or twilight opening flower-wise
On land and sea.

He who so loved companionship
I may not think he walks alone,
Failing some friendly hand to slip
Within his own.

Those whom he loved aforetime, still,
I doubt not, bear him company;
Yea, even laughter yet may thrill
Where he may be.

A thought, a fancy—who may tell?
Yet I who ever pray it so,
Feel through my tears that all is well;
And this I know,—

That God is gentle to his guest,
And, therefore, may I gladly say,
“Surely the things he loved the best
Are his to-day.”

Theodosia Garrison.

AGASSIZ

I cannot think he wished so soon to die
With all his senses full of eager heat,
And rosy years that stood expectant by
To buckle the winged sandals on their feet;
He that was friend with earth and all her sweet
Took with both hands unsparingly:
Truly this life is precious to the root,
And good the feel of grass beneath the foot;
To lie in buttercups and clover-bloom,
Tenants in common with the bees,
And watch the white clouds drift through gulfs of
trees.
When toil-crooked hands are crost upon the breast,
They comfort us with sense of rest;
They must be glad to lie forever still;
Their work is ended with their day;
Another fills their room; 'tis the World's ancient way,
Whether for good or ill;
But the deft spinners of the brain
Who love each added day and find it gain,

Them overtakes the doom
To snap the half-grown flower upon the loom,
The thread no other skill can ever knit again.
'Twas so with him, for he was glad to live,
'Twas doubly so, for he left work begun;
Could not the eagerness of Fate forgive
Till all the allotted flax were spun!
It matters not; for, go at night or noon,
A friend, whene'er he dies, has died too soon.

Here, then, we leave him: Him? such costly waste
Nature rebels at: and it is not true
Of those most precious parts of him we knew.
We have not lost him all; he is not gone
To the dumb herd of them that wholly die;
The beauty of his better self lives on
In minds he touched with fire, in many an eye
He trained to Truth's exact severity.

For God to him was very God
And he was sure to be
Somehow, somewhere, imperishable as He.

J. R. Lowell.

LUCY HOOPER

Has all of thee we loved and cherished
With thy fresh summer roses perished;
And left, as its young beauty fled,
An ashen memory in its stead,—
The twilight of a parted day
Whose fading light is cold and vain,
The heart's faint echo of a strain
Of low, sweet music passed away?

That true and loving heart,—that gift
Of a mind earnest, clear, profound,
Bestowing, with a glad unthrift,
Its sunny light on all around;
Affinities which only could
Cleave to the pure, the true, and good,
And sympathies which found no rest,
Save with the loveliest and best;
Of them, of thee, remains there naught
But sorrow in the mourner's breast,
A shadow in the land of thought?

There's not a charm of soul or brow,—
Of all we knew and loved in thee,—
But lives in holier beauty now,
Baptized in immortality!
No!—I have friends in spirit-land—
Not shadows in a shadowy band,
Not others, but themselves are they.
And still I think of them the same
As when the Master's summons came;
Their change,—the holy morn-light breaking
Upon the dream-worn sleeper, waking,—
A change from twilight into day.

Farewell! A little time and we
Who knew thee well and loved thee here,
One after one shall follow thee
As pilgrims through the gate of fear,
Which opens on eternity.
Yet we shall cherish not the less
All that is left our hearts meanwhile;
The memory of thy loveliness
Shall round our weary pathway smile,
Like moonlight when the sun has set,—
A sweet and tender radiance yet.

Thoughts of thy clear-eyed sense of duty,
Thy generous scorn of all things wrong,—
The truth, the strength, the graceful beauty
Which blended in thy song;
All lovely things, by thee beloved,
Shall whisper to our hearts of thee;
These green hills where thy childhood roved,—
Yon river winding to the sea,—
These in our view shall henceforth take
A tenderer meaning for thy sake;
And all thou lovedst of earth and sky,
Seem sacred to thy memory.

J. G. Whittier.

DANIEL NEALL

Knowing his deeds of love, men questioned not
The faith of one whose walk and word were
right,—
Who tranquilly in Life's great task-field wrought,
And, side by side with evil, scarcely caught
A stain upon his pilgrim garb of white:
Prompt to redress another's wrong, his own
Leaving to Time and Truth and Penitence alone.

Such was our friend. Formed on the good old plan,
A true and brave and downright honest man!—
He blew no trumpet in the market-place,
Nor in the church with hypocritic face
Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace;
Loathing pretence, he did with cheerful will
What others talked of while their hands were still;
And, while "Lord, Lord!" the pious tyrants cried,
Who, in the poor, their Master crucified,
His daily prayer, far better understood

In acts than words, was simply Doing Good.
So calm, so constant was his rectitude,
That by his loss alone we know its worth,
And feel how true a man has walked with us on
earth.

J. G. Whittier.

FROM "CHRISTUS"

But I remember still
The words, and from whom they came,
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will!

And him evermore I behold
Walking in Galilee;
Through the cornfield's waving gold,
In hamlet, in wood, and in wold,
By the shores of the Beautiful Sea.
He toucheth the sightless eyes;
Before him the demons flee;
To the dead he sayeth: Arise!
To the living: Follow me!
And that voice still soundeth on
From the centuries that are gone,
To the centuries that shall be!

From all vain pomps and shows,
From the pride that overflows,
And the false conceits of men;
From all the narrow rules
And subtleties of Schools,
And the craft of tongue and pen
Bewildered in its search

Bewildered with the cry:
Lo, here! lo, there, the Church!
Poor sad humanity
Through all the dust and heat
Turns back with bleeding feet,
By the weary road it came,
Unto the simple thought
By the Great Master taught,
And that remaineth still:
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will!

H. W. Longfellow.

HE LOVED MUCH

When it is time to lay this earthly shell
Within its confined house, place over me
No gilded tomb nor lofty pinnacle,
But let there be a spot of greenery
With roses blowing at the foot and head;
And if a stone, upon it let there be
No mocking praises of the spirit fled,
But simply "He loved much," is all that need be
said.

In striving to my promptings to be true,
Whatever words I may be moved to say,
Whatever deeds I may be called to do,
Whatever part is given me to play,
Prate not of these above my crumbling clay.
The incidents of station, wealth, or fame,
Are vanities of earth that pass away,
As fleeting as the breath of men's acclaim;
But Love lives on for aye, the soul's undying flame.

Then say that "He loved much." It is enough.
Perhaps he suffered, yet was well repaid.
For though his course through life was steep and
rough,
The love returned to him that pathway made
As one that leads across a flowery glade.
And though his words and deeds were oft uncouth,
And oft in waywardness his footsteps strayed,
It was that love which led him back to truth
And kept his spirit sweet in one eternal youth.

James A. Edgerton.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

When from this mortal scene
A great soul passes to the vast unknown,
Let not in hopeless grief the spirit groan.
Death comes to all, the mighty and the mean.
If by that death the whole world suffer loss,
This be the proof, (and lighter thus our cross),
That he for whom the world doth sorely grieve
Greatly hath blessed mankind in that he once did
live.
Then, at the parting breath
Let men praise Life, nor idly blame dark Death.

R. W. Gilder.

OUR HOME MAKER

Where the mountains slope to the westward,
And their purple chalices hold
The new made wine of the sunset—
Crimson and amber and gold—

In this old, wide-opened doorway,
With the elm-boughs over head—
The house all garnished behind her,
And the plentiful table spread—

She has stood to welcome our coming,
Watching our upward climb,
In the sweet June weather that brought us,
Oh, many and many a time!

To-day, in the gentle splendor
Of the early summer noon—
Perfect in sunshine and fragrance
Although it is hardly June—

Again is the doorway opened,
And the house is garnished and sweet;
But she silently waits for our coming,
And we enter with silent feet.

A little within she is waiting,
Not where she has met us before;
For over the pleasant threshold
She is only to cross once more.

The smile on her face is quiet,
And a lily is on her breast;
Her hands are folded together .
And the word on her lips is "rest."

It is we who may not cross over:
Only with song and prayer,
A little way into the glory,
We may reach as we leave her there.

But we cannot think of her idle;
She must be a home-maker still;
God giveth that work to the angels
Who fittest the task fulfil;

And somewhere, yet, in the hilltops
Of the country that hath no pain,
She will watch in her beautiful doorway,
To bid us a welcome again.

A. D. T. Whitney.

A TRIBUTE

Ambitious—not of wealth,
Nor power nor place,
His aim a nobler race,
His title eminent—an honest man;
His to lift up the rude,
His to be great and good
And good as great;
His to stem error's flood,
His to help on and bless,
His to work righteousness
And save the State.

Brave, self-reliant, wise,
Calm in emergencies,
Steady alike to wait, and prompt to move;
In counsel sane and safe,
Prudent to plan,
Righteous to deal with sin,
Prone less to force than win,
Strong in his own stern will and strong in God.
Conquering, alone to bless—
A loving man!

Anonymous.

THE WANDERER

I think heaven will not shut forevermore
Without a knocker left upon the door
Lest some belated wanderer should come
Heart-broken, asking just to be at home,
So that the Father will at last forgive,
And looking in his face, that soul shall live.

I think there will be watchmen through the night,
Lest any, afar off, turn toward the light;
That he who loved us into life must be
A Father, infinitely fatherly.
And groping for him, all shall find their way
From outer dark, through twilight into day.

Gerald Massey.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER

She wears no jewel upon hand or brow,
No badge by which she may be known of men;
But though she walk in lowly attire now,
She is the daughter of a King, and when
Her Father calls her at his throne to wait
She will be clothed as doth befit her state.

Her Father sent her in his land to dwell,
Giving to her a work that must be done;
And, since the King loves all his people well,
Therefore she, too, cares for them, everyone;
And when she stoops to lift from want and sin
The brighter shines her royalty therein.

She walks erect through dangers manifold,
While many sink and fall on either hand.
She heeds not summer's heat nor winter's cold,
For both are subject to the King's command.
She need not be afraid of anything,
Because she is the daughter of a King!

Even when the angel comes that men call Death,
And name with terror—it appals not her;
She turns to look on him with quickened breath,
Thinking, "It is the royal messenger!"
Her heart rejoiceth that her Father calls
Her back, to live within the palace walls.

For though the land she lives in is most fair,
Set round with streams—a picture in its frame—
Yet in her heart deep, secret longings are
For that mysterious country whence she came.
Not perfect quite seems any earthly thing,
Because—she is the daughter of the King!

Mrs. Rebecca P. Utter.

A DOUBTER

He loved the will; he did the deed.
Such love shall live; such doubt is dust.
He served the truth; he missed the creed,
Trust him to God. Dear is the trust.

A sweeter spirit ne'er drew breath;
Strange grew the chill upon the air,
But as he murmured, "This is death,"
Lo! Life itself did meet him there.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

THE MAN OF LIFE UPRIGHT—"INTEGER VITÆ"

The man of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
Or thought of vanity;

The man whose silent days
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude,
Nor sorrow discontent:

That man needs neither tower
Nor armor for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence.

Thus, scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom heavenly things.

Good thoughts his honest friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn,—
And quiet pilgrimage.

Thomas Campion.

PART V
CHILDHOOD—YOUTH

A BABY'S DEATH

The little feet that never trod
Nor strayed on earth in field or street,
What hand leads upward back to God
The little feet?

Their pilgrimage's period
A few swift moons have seen complete
Since mother's hands first clasped and shod
The little feet.

The little hands that never sought
Earth's prizes, worthless all as sands,
What gift has death, God's servant, brought
The little hands?

Ere this, perchance, though love knows naught,
Flowers fill them, grown in lovelier lands,
Where hands of guiding angels caught
The little hands.

The little eyes that never knew
Light other than of dawning skies,
What new life now lights up anew
The little eyes?

No storm, we know, may change the blue,
Soft heaven that haply death describes;
No tears like these in ours, bedew
The little eyes.

A. C. Swinburne.

SADNESS AND GLADNESS

There was a glory in the house,
And it is fled;
There was a baby in our hearts
And it is dead.

And when I sit and think of him,
I am so sad,
That half it seems that never more
Can I be glad.

He could not walk a single step,
Nor speak a word;
But then he was as blithe and gay
As any bird.

You cannot think how many things
He learned to know
Before the swift, swift angel came,
And bade him go.

I know that God gives nothing to
Us for a day;
That what he gives he never cares
To take away.

And when he comes and seems to make
Our glory less,
It is that, bye and bye, we may
The more confess.

That he has made it brighter than
It was before,—
A glory shining on and on
For evermore.

And when I sit and think of this,
I am so glad,
That half it seems that never more
Can I be sad.

John W. Chadwick.

AN INFANT'S DEATH

A snow-flake falls, from out the air above,
Upon some spot of ground where lingers yet
The warmth of summer's and of autumn's sun;
And in a moment it has passed from sight.
Most beautiful its crystal shape, a six-
Rayed star, well fitted, if it could have stayed
Until the sunlight fell thereon, to give
A wealth of rainbow-hues, to gladden all
Who saw its loveliness. Why came the flake
Of snow, to go so soon, and leave no trace?
A useless birth, a useless death, it seems.

So seems—but when we trace the snow-flake back,
And try to image all the wondrous store
Of nature's skill in that one bit displayed,
And know how all things joined together are,
And work in harmony in this great world,
So that from furthest parts the forces come,
Which meet an instant, give the snow-flake birth,
Then pass to other work, we know what seems
A trifling thing, is far from being so;
In one grand thought the truth comes home to us,
That, were it not the snow-flake came to earth,
The world could not have been the same to-day.

So, when from out the unknown space, there comes
A little child to earth, which melts too soon
From out the lap which gave it birth away,
Before the sunlight love of home could give
It consciousness of life—at once we ask,
Why came the babe at all, so soon to go?
A useless birth, a useless death, it seems.

So seems—but when we gather up the threads,
The myriad threads, which bind its little life
To lives of countless thousands gone before,
To lives of countless thousands yet to come,—
E'en as the rippling wave will reach at last
From hither unto farther shore, and move,
With felt or unfelt touch, all things that float
Upon the surface of the watery deep,—
We know, with faith beyond the power of sight,
That not in vain the little one did come,
And stay awhile, then pass from sight away;
The world—our world at least—is not the same
As though the babe had never come to us.

Rowland Connor.

THE LAND OF THE LITTLE FACES

I wonder, oh I wonder where the little faces go,
That come, and smile, and stay awhile, and pass like
flakes of snow—
The dear, wee baby faces that the world has never
known,
But mothers hide, so tender-eyed, deep in their
hearts alone.

I love to think that somewhere, in the country we
call heaven,
The land most fair of anywhere will unto them be
given,
A land of little faces—very little, very fair—
And every one shall know her own and cleave unto
it there.

O grant it, loving Father, to the broken hearts that
plead!
Thy way is best—yet oh! to rest in perfect faith
indeed!
To know that we shall find them, even them, the pure,
white dead
At thy right hand, in thy bright land, by living
waters led!

James Buckham.

THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT

A tender child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
“Oh, mother! Take my hand,” said she,
“And then the dark will all be light.”

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days
Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small and hope delays;
Take thou the hands of prayer we raise,
And let us feel the light of thee!

J. G. Whittier.

THE TWO MYSTERIES

[In the middle of the room, in its white coffin, lay the dead child, nephew of the poet. Near it, in a great chair, sat Walt Whitman, surrounded by little ones, and holding a beautiful little girl in his lap. The child looked curiously at the spectacle of death, and then inquiringly into the old man's face. "You don't know what it is, do you, my dear?" said he. "We don't either."]

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call;
The strange, white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain,—
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again.
We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go;
Nor why we're left to wonder still; nor why we do not know.

But this we know: our loved and dead, if they should come this day,—
Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;
Yet, oh, how sweet it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say,—these vanished ones,—and
blessed is the thought!—

“So death is sweet to us, beloved, though we may
tell you naught:

We may not tell it to the quick,—this mystery of
death,—

Ye may not tell us, if ye would, the mystery of
breath.”

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge
or intent,

So those who enter death must go as little children
sent.

Nothing is known. But I believe that God is over-
head;

And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

Mary Mapes Dodge.

TO J. S.

I yield thee unto higher spheres,
I bend my head and say, “Thy will
Not mine be done,” though bitter tears
The while my eyelids fill.

And yet thy little sunny life
Was beautiful as it was brief:
It was not vexed by pain or strife,
It knew but little grief.

Thou mad'st us feel how very fair
God's earth could be, and taught us love,
And in life's tapestry of care
A golden figure wove.

Brave as we will our hearts to bear,
Grief will not wholly be denied;
The ineffectual dykes we rear
Go down before its tide.

Yet let us suffer: he is freed,
And on our tears a bridge of light
Is built by God, his steps to lead
To joys beyond our sight.

W. W. Story.

VESTA

O Christ of God! whose life and death
Our own have reconciled,
Most quietly, most tenderly,
Take home this little child!

Thy grace is in her patient eyes,
Thy words are on her tongue;
The very silence round her seems
As if the angels sung.

Her smile is as a listening child's
Who hears its mother call;
The lilies of thy perfect peace
About her pillow fall.

She leans from out our clinging arms
To rest herself in thine;
Alone to thee, dear Lord, can we
Our well-beloved resign!

Oh, less for her than for ourselves
We bow our heads and pray;
Her setting star, like Bethlehem's,
To thee shall point the way.

J. G. Whittier.

LIFTED OVER

As tender mothers guiding baby steps,
Where places come at which the tiny feet
Would trip, lift up the little ones in arms
Of love, and set them down beyond the harm,
So did our Father watch the precious boy,
Led o'er the stones by me, who stumbled oft
Myself, but strove to help my darling on:
He saw the sweet limbs faltering, and saw
Rough ways before us, where my arms would fail;
So reached from heaven, and lifting the dear child,
Who smiled in leaving me, he put him down,
Beyond all hurt, beyond my sight, and bade
Him wait for me! Shall I not then be glad,
And, thanking God, press on to overtake?

H. H.

RESIGNATION

There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day, we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For, when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child,

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

H. W. Longfellow.

IN MEMORIAM—F. A. S.

Yet, O stricken heart, remember, O remember
How of human days he lived the better part.
April came to bloom and never dim December
Breathed its killing chills upon the head or heart.

Doomed to know not winter, only spring, a being
Trode the flowery April blithely for a while,
Took his fill of music, joy of thought and seeing,
Came and stayed and went, nor ever ceased to
smile.

Came and stayed and went, and now when all is
finished,

You alone have crossed the melancholy stream,
Yours the pang, but his, O his, the undiminished,
Undecaying gladness, undeparted dream.

All that life contains of torture, toil and treason,
Shame, dishonor, death, to him were but a name.
Here, a boy, he dwelt through all the singing season
And, ere the day of sorrow, departed as he came.

R. L. Stevenson.

PART VI
THE AGED

HOMeward

They sat in peace in the sunshine,
Till the day was almost done,
And then, at its close, an angel
Stole over the threshold-stone.

He folded their hands together;
He touched their eyelids with balm,
And their last breath floated outward,
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Perhaps in that miracle-country
They will give her lost youth back,
And the flowers of the vanished springtime
Will bloom in the spirit's track.

One draught from the living waters
Shall call back his manhood's prime,
And eternal years shall measure
The love that outlasted time.

But the shapes that they left behind them—
The wrinkles and silver hair—
Made holy to us by the kisses
The angels hold printed there—

We will hide away 'neath the willows,
When the day is low in the west,
Where the sunbeams cannot find them,
Nor the winds disturb their rest.

And we'll suffer no telltale tombstone,
With its age and date, to rise
O'er the two who are old no longer,
In the Father's house in the skies.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

AWAKENING

The light is fading in the tired eyes,
The weary race is run;
Not as a victor that doth seize the prize,
But as the fainting one,
He nears the verge of the eternities.

How faithful in his lot this man hath stood
Through service and through pain;
The Lord Christ he has followed, doing good;
Sure, dying must be gain
To one who, living, hath done what he could.

This land is home; no stranger art thou here;
Sweet and familiar words
From voices silent long salute thine ear;
And winds and songs of birds,
And bees and blooms and sweet perfumes are near.

The seraphs—they are men of kindly mien;
The gems and robes—but signs
Of minds all radiant and of hearts washed clean;
The glory—such as shines
Wherever faith or hope or love is seen.

O happy soul, be thankful now and rest!

Heaven is a goodly land;

And God is love; and those he loves are blest;—

Now thou dost understand;

The least thou hast is better than the best

That thou didst hope for; now upon thine eyes

The new life opens fair;

Before thy feet the blessed journey lies

Through homelands everywhere;

And heaven to thee is all a sweet surprise.

Washington Gladden.

THE GOOD GRANDMOTHER

Fold reverently the weary hands

That toiled so long and well;

And while your tears of sorrow fall

Let sweet thanksgivings swell.

That life-work stretching o'er long years

A varied web has been;

With silver strands by sorrow wrought,

And sunny gleams between.

How bright she always made the home!

It seemed as if the floor

Was always flecked with spots of sun,

And barred with brightness o'er.

The very falling of her step

Made music as she went;

A loving song was on her lip,

The song of full content.

She's safe within her Father's house
Where many mansions be;
O pray that thus such rest may come,
Dear hearts, to thee and me!

Anonymous.

OUR GRANDMOTHER

Dear Grandmother, there was no brow more beautiful
than thine,
Thy loving spirit showed itself in every wrinkled
line;
The softest word of thy sweet voice bid all our
troubles cease;
The gentle look of thy meek eyes was full of faith
and peace.
Thou wast so patient, day by day, so far from drear
complaining,
We never knew when in thy life, 'twas stormy, dark,
or raining.

We never knew when thou wert sad, for on thy radi-
ant face,
Thy features always wore a smile of calm and saintly
grace.
We saw no cloud, we found no shade, that told of
pain or fear;
The noble heart kept to itself the bitter, secret tear,
And well we know that thou didst hide from us thy
grief and sorrow;
That thou didst hush thy sighs lest they might cloud
our bright to-morrow.

O cherished one, we cannot feel that thou art far
away.

The night of darkness only falls to measure day from
day.

And so the shade that hides thy smile which was of
angel worth,

Is but the shadow measuring out the heavens from
the earth.

God only takes to hold more dear the loved ones he
has given;

And thou art still our Grandmother—our Grand-
mother in heaven.

E. W. Shurtleff.

L. M. C.

Sunrise!—her feet have touched the hills of God;
Heaven's morning air blows sweet upon her brow;
She sees the King in all his beauty now,
And walks his courts with full salvation shod.

“Looking toward Sunset,” even here she caught
Prophetic hints of those far, shining lands
That lie beyond,—like one who understands
The sign, ere yet the miracle is wrought.

And so she went: ah, we who stay below,
Watching the radiance of her upward flight,
Who, who of us shall reach such lofty height,
Or leave behind so fair an after-glow?

Caroline A. Mason.

WAITING

She waited for the summons; lengthening days
Had ripened the rich harvest of her years;
The sun hung low;—across the level plain,
In the slant rays, ripe bent the bearded grain.
Her feet were weary, and, with faltering hands,
She bound the golden tribute of the lands.
We watched the coming night with tender fear;
She murmured to herself good words of cheer;
We followed, gleaning; toil, and heat, and dust
Forgotten, in her perfect faith and trust.
We followed, gleaning: all the night
We heard her voice thank God, in cheerful praise,
For this dear life, and all its happy days;
Then there was silence, and we found at dawn
Only the faded garments she had worn.

Anonymous.

WHAT THE TRAVELER SAID AT SUNSET

The shadows grow and deepen round me;
I feel the dew-fall in the air;
The muezzin of the darkening thicket
I hear the night-thrush call to prayer.

As from the lighted hearths behind me
I pass with slow, reluctant feet,
What waits me in the land of strangeness?
What face shall smile, what voice shall greet?

I shrink from unaccustomed glory,
I dread the myriad-voicèd strain;
Give me the unforgotten faces,
And let my lost ones speak again.

He will not chide my mortal yearning
Who is our Brother and our Friend,
In whose full life divine and human
The heavenly and the earthly blend.

Mine be the joy of soul-communion,
The sense of spiritual strength renewed,
The reverence for the pure and holy,
The dear delight of doing good.

Forgive my human words, O Father!
I go thy larger truth to prove;
Thy mercy shall transcend my longing:
I seek but love, thou art Love!

I go to find my lost and mourned for
Safe in thy sheltering goodness still,
And all that hope and faith foreshadow
Made perfect in thy holy will!

J. G. Whittier.

BEAUTIFUL

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well run,
Beautiful rest with work well done.

Beautiful graves where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
O'er worn-out hands,—oh, beautiful sleep!

Anonymous.

AN EPITAPH

“Here lies a truly honest man!”
One whose conscience was a thing
That troubled neither church nor king;
Sermons he heard yet not so many
As left no time to practise any;
He heard them reverently, and then
His practice preached them o’er again;
His inner sermons rather were
Those to the eye than to the ear;
His prayers took their price and strength
Not from the loudness nor the length;
Peace which he loved in life, did lend
Her hand to bring him to his end;
When age and death called for the score,
No surfeits were to reckon for;
Death tore not, then, but without strife,
Gently untwined his thread of life.
What remains, friend, but that thou
Write these lines upon thy brow,
And by his fair example’s light
Burn in thy imitation bright?
His better epitaph shall be
His life, still kept alive in thee.

Richard Crashaw.

RIPE WHEAT

Lovingly linger beside this form,
Smooth the weary eyelids down;
We have looked our last on the aged face,
With its smile of peace, its patient grace
And hair like a silver crown.

Gently dispose the pulseless hands,
From life's long labor at rest;
And among the blossoms white and sweet
Lay a modest handful of golden wheat
Folded close to the silent breast.

The blossoms whisper of fadeless bloom,
Of a land that is free from fears;
The ripe wheat tells of toil and care,
The patient waiting, the trusting prayer,
The garnered good of the years.

We cannot know all that her hands have wrought;
In what rugged places her feet
Have walked in pain, through what blackness of
night;
We see but the peace, the blossoms white
And the bunch of ripened wheat.

It is well; all is well when the soul goes forth
Not only with lilies sweet—
Neither bent with doubt nor burdened with fears
And dead, dry husks of the wasted years,—
But laden with golden wheat.

Anonymous (alt.)

THE HOME-SEEKER

I

Twilight falls: a tiny maiden
Cometh up the village street:
Vagrant locks, all dewy laden,
Eager eyes and tired feet
Hath the shadowy little maiden.

Tired of wandering and of playing,
Up the dim street see her come!
Hurrying now, and now delaying,
Toward the rest and love of home,
Comes the maiden from her playing.

II

See! again! a woman hasting
Down a shadowy, sunset way,
Loving, anxious glances casting
Through the twilight soft and gray:
Homeward, love-ward she is hasting.

Laughing children run to meet her
From the home-door open wide;
Loving words and kisses greet her,
Pattering feet run by her side;
All the home comes forth to meet her.

III

Look once more! a pilgrim weary
Standeth in the twilight gray;
All around is strange and dreary,
As she asks, with plaintive query,
"Can you show the homeward way?
Lead me homeward: I am weary."

Then a Presence stood to guide her,
Pointing where the way did lie;
Gently spoke, and walked beside her
To a gateway dim and high.
"Home!" she breathed, with restful sigh,
To the Presence that did guide her.

IV

Homeward still, the tiny maiden,
Motherhood, love- and care-laden,
Age, with weight of years oppressed,
Homeward turn for love and rest.
And the home, with open door,
Waits with "Welcome" evermore.

W. H. Savage.

THE GIFTS OF GOD

Be with me, Lord! My house is growing still
As one by one the guests go out the door;
And some, who helped me once to do thy will,
Behold and praise thee on the Heavenly Shore.

Uphold my strength! My task is not yet done.
Nor let me at the labor cease to sing,
But from the rising to the setting sun
Each faithful hour do service to my King.

Show me thy light! Let not my wearied eyes
Miss the fresh glory of life's passing day,
But keep the light of morn, the sweet surprise
Of each new blessing that attends my way.

And for the crowning grace, O Lord, renew
The best of gifts thy best of saints have had:
With the great joy of Christ my heart endue
To share the whole world's tears and still be glad.

Theodore C. Williams.

PART VII
SHORT EXTRACTS

Why shrink from Death? Come when he will or may,
The night he brings will bring the risen day.
His call, his touch I neither seek nor shun;
His power is ended when his work is done.
My shield of Faith no cloud of Death can dim;
Death cannot conquer me. I conquer him.

S. C. Hall.

Nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own,
Being here; and we believe him
Something far advanced in state,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.

Anonymous.

Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know
What rainbows teach, and sunsets show?
Verdict which accumulates
From lengthening scroll of human fates,
Voice of earth to earth returned,
Prayers of saints that inly burned,—
Saying, *What is excellent,*
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Hearts' love will meet thee again.

R. W. Emerson.

My soul is full of whispered song,
My blindness is my sight;
The shadows that I feared so long
Are all alive with light.

Alice Cary.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that riseth with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

William Wordsworth.

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

W. C. Bryant.

Blessed be our sorrows then,
The deeps in which we lie,
And blessed be all things that teach
God's dear infinity.

Anonymous.

Well, and how good is life!
Good to be born, have breath,
The calm's good, and the strife—
Good life, and perfect death.

Edward Dowden.

Death takes us by surprise,
And stays our hurrying feet;
The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete.

But in the dark unknown
Perfect their circles seem,
Even as a bridge's arch of stone
Is rounded in the stream.

H. W. Longfellow.

A noble life, but written not
In any book of fame,
Among the list of noted ones
None ever saw her name.

Few save her household ever knew
The victories she had won,
And only they could testify
How well her work was done.

Anonymous.

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends;
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The great, good man? Three treasures—love and
light
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath.
And three firm friends, more sure than day and
night,—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

Coleridge.

Have we not all, amid life's petty strife,
Some pure ideal of a nobler life
That once seemed possible?
Did we not hear the flutter of its wings,
And feel it near, and just within our reach?

But still our place is kept, and it will wait
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late.
No star is lost we once have seen;
We always may be what we might have been;
The good, though only thought, has life and breath;
God's life can always be redeemed from death;
And evil in its nature is decay,
And any hour can blot it all away.
The hopes, that lost on some far distance seem,
May be the truer life,
And this the dream.

Anonymous.

The mortal vase seemed all too frail and slight;
A rosy spirit glowed within the clay
And shed its radiance along our way.
At last God's hand gently put out the light,
And so began the darkness of our night?
Nay—so began the brightness of her day.

Anonymous.

If I stoop
Into a dark, tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast—its splendor, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one day!

Robert Browning.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breath;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs.

He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best
Life is but a means unto an end; that end,
Beginning, mean and end to all things, God.

Bailey.

God judges by a light
Which baffles mortal sight.
In his vast world above,
A world of broader love,
God hath some grand employment for his son.

Faber.

Trust, O Soul! Out-casting fear,
Love will robe thee, there as here;
Bodied as it pleaseth him
Thou shalt walk with seraphim.

Nicholas E. Boyd.

Somewhere is comfort, somewhere faith,
Though thou in outer dark remain,
One sweet, sad voice ennobles death
And still for eighteen centuries saith,
Softly, "We meet again."

J. R. Lowell.



INDEX OF FIRST LINES

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
A late lark twitters from the quiet skies	8
A snowflake falls, from out the air above	83
A tender child of summers three	85
Ambitious—not of wealth	74
As tender mothers guiding baby steps	89
As treading some long corridor	12
Be with me, Lord! My house is growing still	105
Beautiful twilight at set of sun	101
Blindfolded and alone I stand	24
But I remember still	70
Calmly, calmly lay him down!	63
Clear in memory's silent reaches	42
Climbing the mountain's shaggy crest	9
Come forth! Come on! with solemn song!	7
Come unto me, when shadows darkly gather	45
Dear Grandmother, there was no brow more beautiful than thine	98
Father, before thy footstool kneeling	26
Father of life, I thank thee too	18
Father, to thee we look in all our sorrow	36
Fold reverently the weary hands	97
From the eternal shadow rounding	13
Gentle friends who gather here	56
God of the living in whose eyes	10
"Goodbye, till morning come again!"	33
Has all of thee we loved and cherished	67
He loved the will; he did the deed	76
He who died among us sends	3
"Here lies a truly honest man!"	102

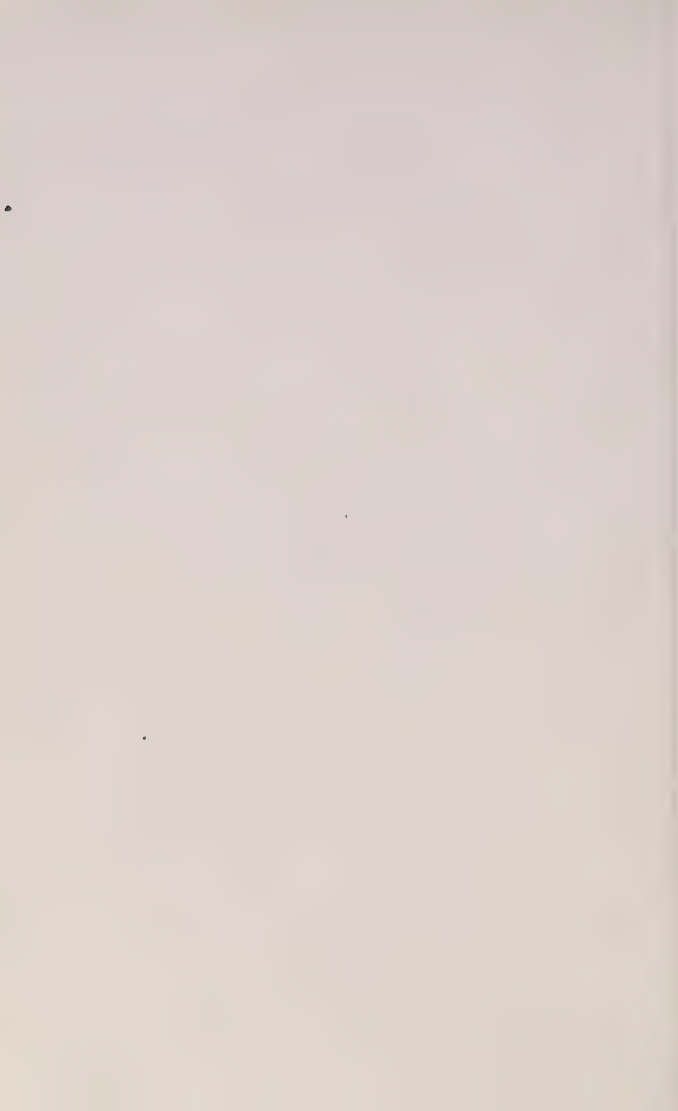
INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
How does Death speak of our beloved	5
How pure in heart and sound in head	16
I am tired. Heart and feet	60
I cannot say, and I will not say	64
I cannot think he wished so soon to die	66
I hear it singing, singing sweetly	29
I little see, I little know	38
I look to thee in every need	25
I seek not of thy Eden-land	44
I think heaven will not shut forevermore	75
I think it over, over—	50
I think the gentle soul of him	65
I wonder, oh, I wonder where the little faces go...	84
I yield thee unto higher spheres	87
If one had watched a prisoner many a year	53
It lies around us like a cloud	23
It must have been for one of us, my own	12
It seemeth such a little way to me	32
Knowing his deeds of love, men questioned not	69
Lay me low, my work is done	55
Like a blind spinner in the sun	33
Lovingly linger beside this form	102
O Christ of God! whose life and death	88
O living friends who love me!	35
O Love Divine that stooped to share	23
O Thou the Lord, Maker of life and light!	17
O weary hands! that all the day	59
Of all the thoughts of God that are	49
Oh yet we trust that somehow good	30
One thought I have, my ample creed	3
Passing out of the shadow	56
Peace!	53
Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep!	17
Quiet from God! How beautiful to keep	38
She waited for the summons; lengthening days	100
She wears no jewel upon hand or brow	75
Since thy Father's arm sustains thee	40
Sleep, tired one, sleep!	52

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
So heaven is gathering, one by one	58
Some day, we say, and turn our eyes	50
Sometime at eve when the tide is low	34
Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned...	27
Still, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh..	46
Strong Son of God, immortal Love	41
Sunrise!—her feet have touched the hills of God	99
The dear home faces whereupon	43
The light is fading in the tired eyes	96
The little feet that never trod	81
The man of life upright	77
The shadows grow and deepen round me	100
There is no death! The stars go down.....	28
There is no death! What seems so is transition	89
There was a glory in the house	82
They are all gone into the world of light	14
They sat in peace in the sunshine	95
Thou Grace Divine, encircling all	18
To weary hearts, to mourning homes	39
Twilight falls: a tiny maiden	103
Under the wide and starry sky	54
We are too stupid about Death. We will not learn ..	11
We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still	86
What can I do for thee, Beloved	6
What cheer hath he? How is it with him?	29
What if some morning, when the stars were paling	54
When from this mortal scene	72
When Grief shall come to thee	13
When it is time to lay this earthly shell	71
When on my day of life the night is falling	31
When the anchors that Faith has cast	15
Where the mountains slope to the westward	72
With silence only as their benediction	37
Yet, O stricken heart, remember, O remember	90







GTU Library
2400 Ridge Road
Berkeley, CA 94709
For renewals call (510) 649-2500
All items are subject to recall.

DATE DUE

MAR 6 2004

SEP 22 2004

SEP 12 2004

9-14-10

GTU Library



3 2400 00388 9643



